y784
V878

No.

The Public Library of the City of Boston
Young People's Room
Central Library

TRANSFERRED

Boston Public Library

Do not write in this book or mark it with pen or pencil. Penalties for so doing are imposed by the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

This book was issued to the borrower on the date last stamped below.

FORM NO. 609: 12,3,37: 500M.

SPRING FLOWERS

Ru Cramer.

SPRING FLOWERS

BY

GEERTRUIDA VOGEL

Z 120 e 66.1.

RHYMED INTO ENGLISH FROM THE DUTCH BY

L. EDNA WALTER

ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR BY

RIE CRAMER

A. & C. BLACK, LTD., 4, 5 & 6 SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.

8036

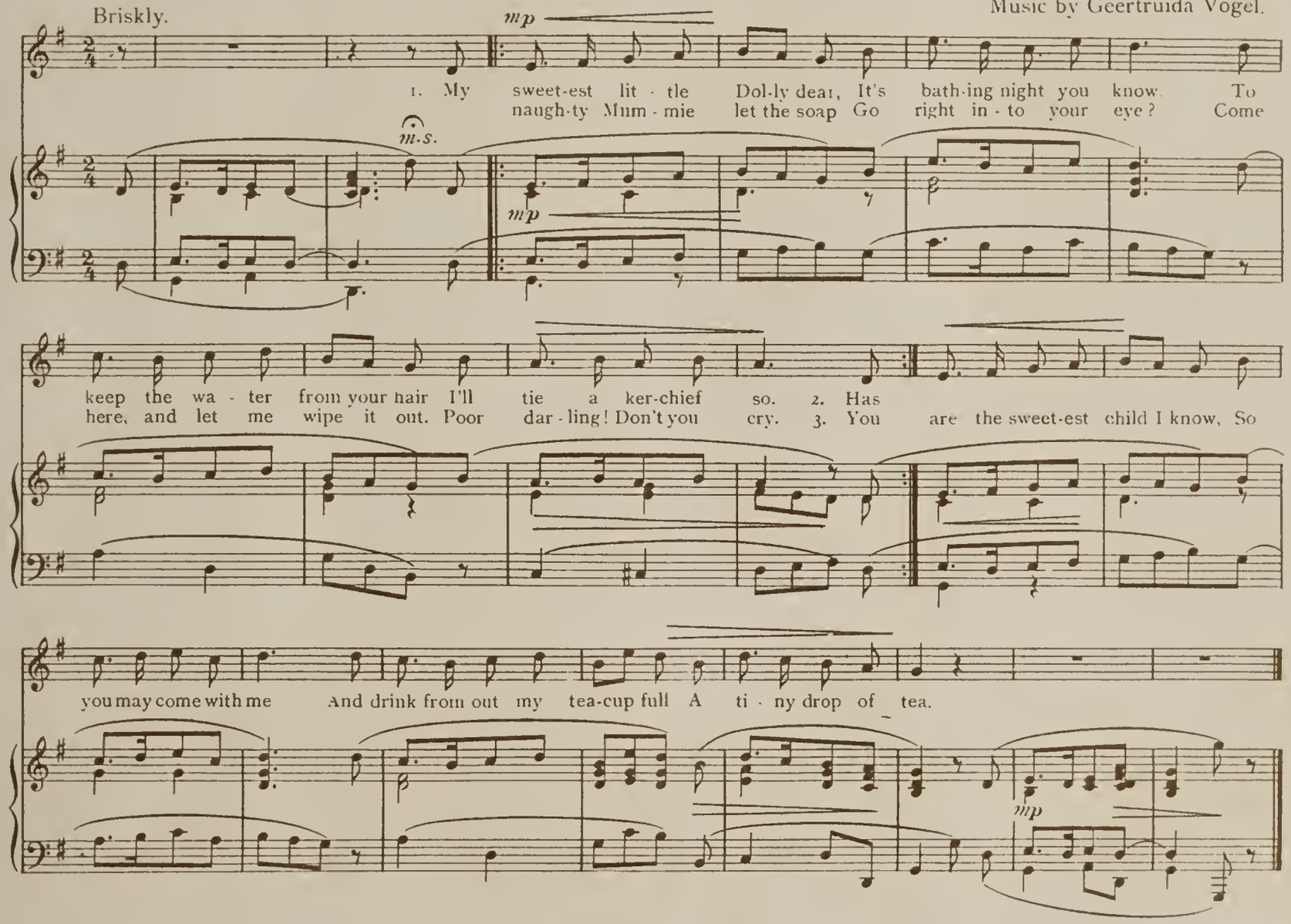
CONTENTS

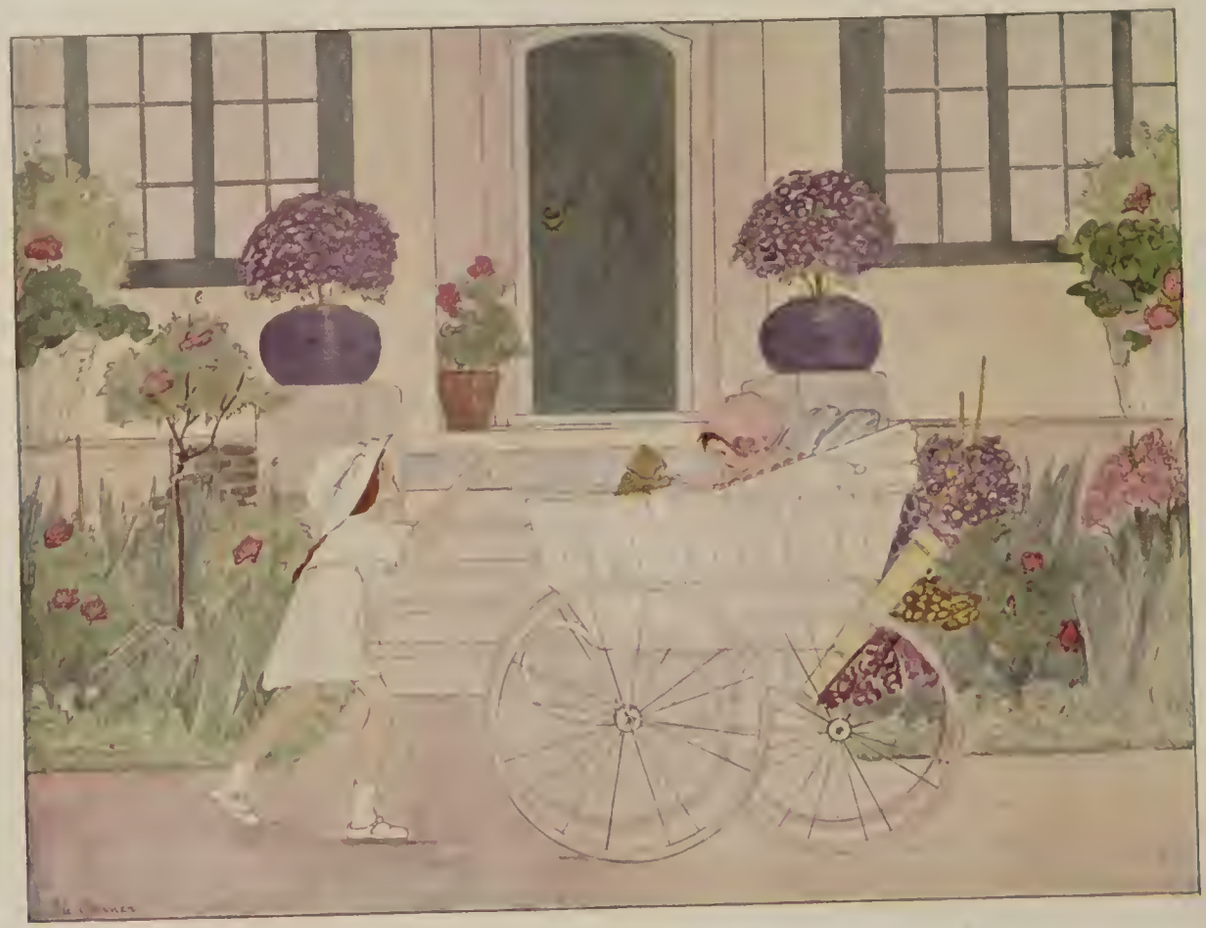
1. SATURDAY NIGHT
2. BABY MINE
3. LAZY BONES
4. THE PATH THROUGH THE LILAC TREES
5. CHATTERBOXES
6. LIZZIE, LET US SLEDGING GO
7. OH! WHAT SHALL I DO?
8. THE APPLE GATHERERS
9. DUCKLINGS
10. MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY
11. BEECH NUTS
12. THE DOLLIES' MAMMA

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Briskly.

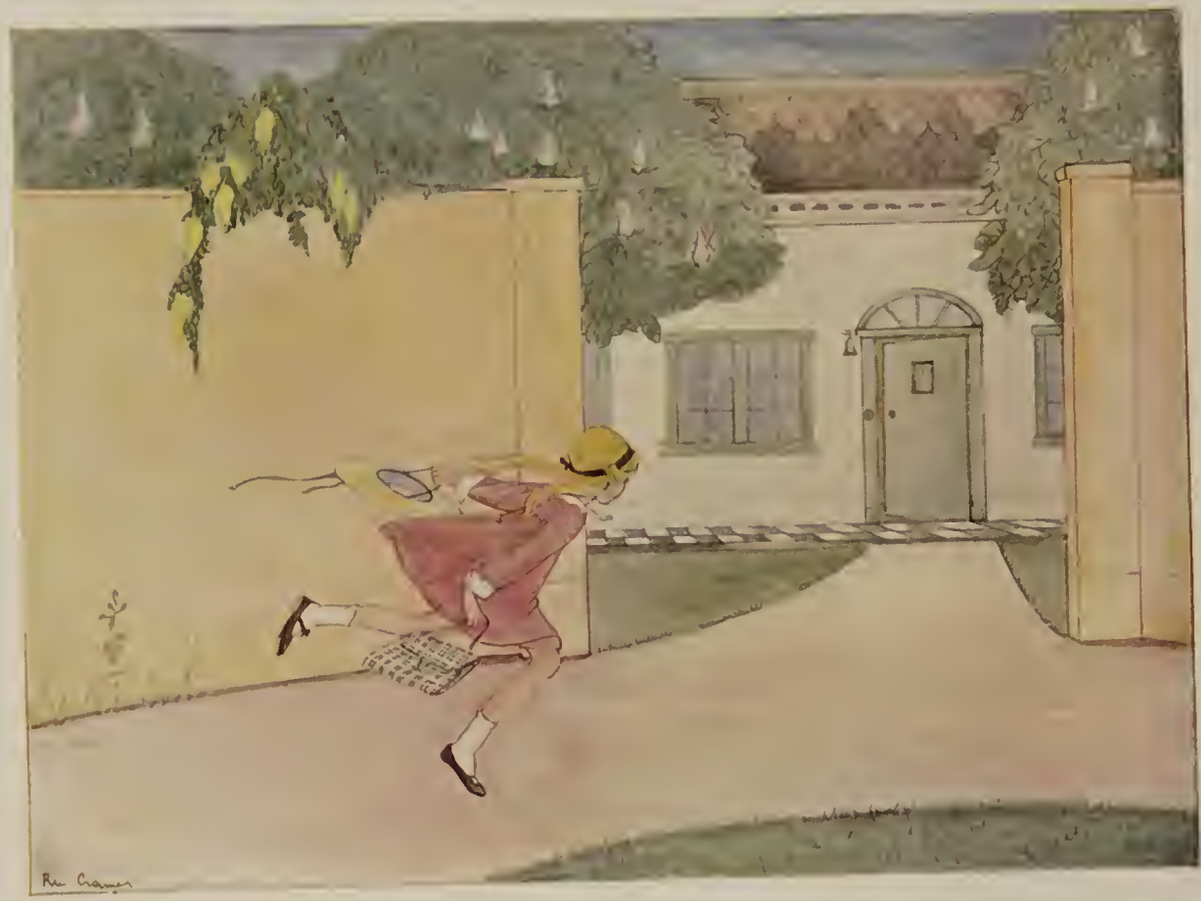
Music by Geertruida Vogel.


mp
1. My sweet-est lit - tle Dol-ly dear, It's bath-ing night you know. To
naugh-ty Mum - mie let the soap Go right in - to your eye? Come
m.s.
mp
keep the wa - ter from your hair I'll tie a ker-chief so. 2. Has
here, and let me wipe it out. Poor dar - ling! Don't you cry. 3. You are the sweet-est child I know, So
you may come with me And drink from out my tea-cup full A ti - ny drop of tea.
mp

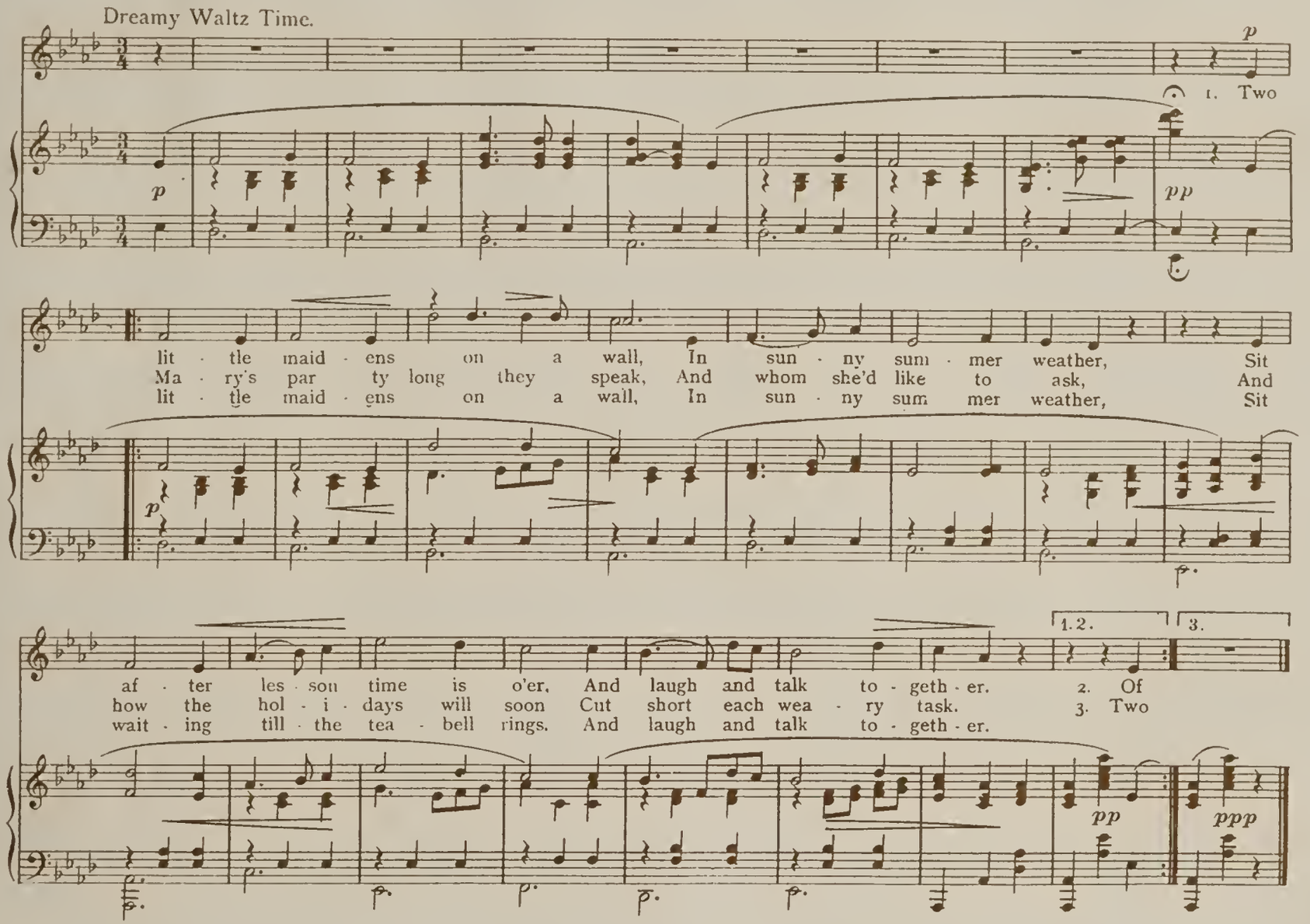


BABY MINE.

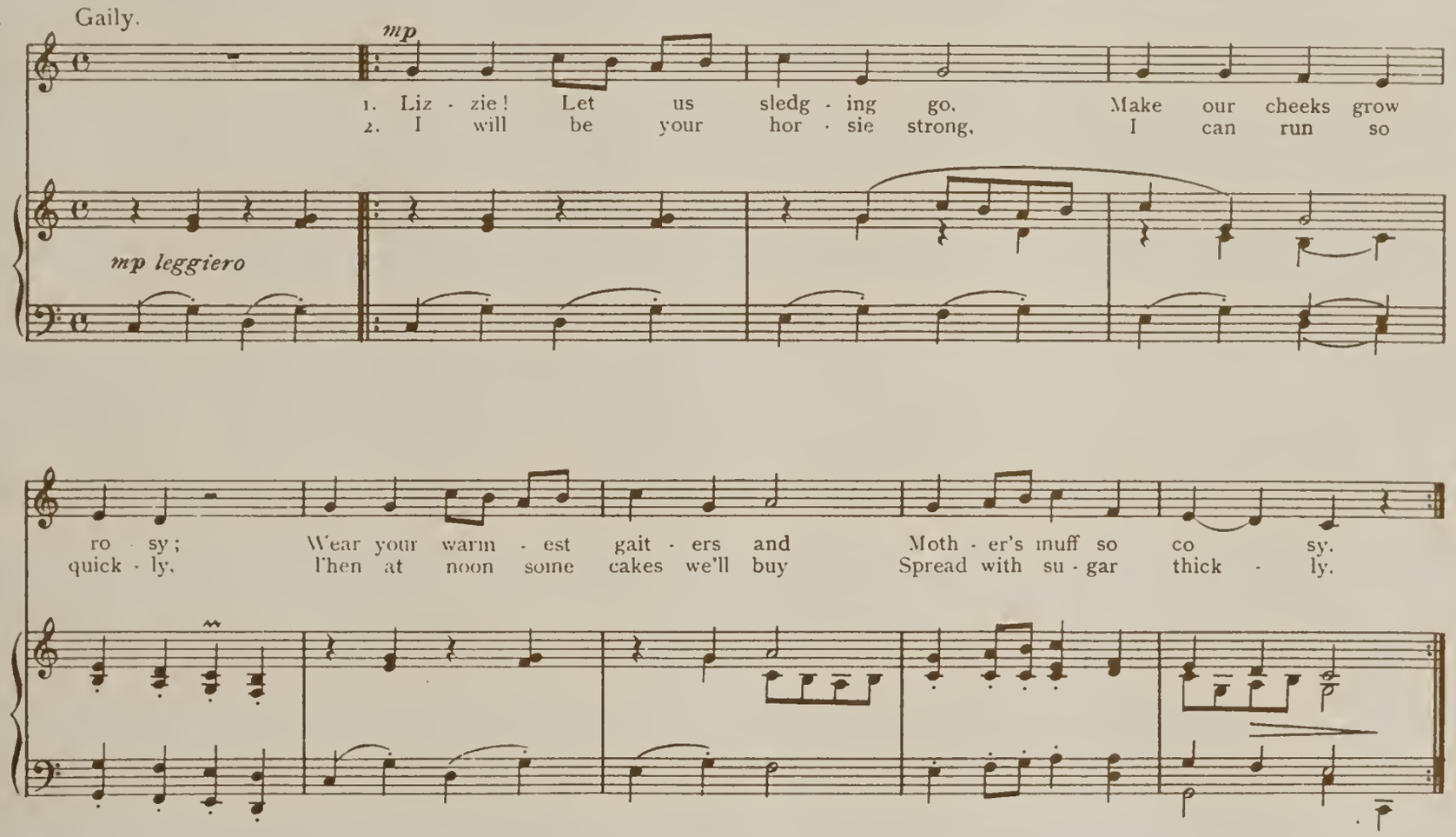
Simply.
mf
1. Ba - by mine, so tear - ful! Have you wait - ed long?
2. You shall have a ride Ba - by, cart and all.
mf
poco rit.
m.s.
mf a tempo
Be no long - er fear - ful, We can now be cheer-ful, Sing a lit - tle song.
Round the gar-den wide See! I'm by your side Here am I, so tall.
poco ritard.
p



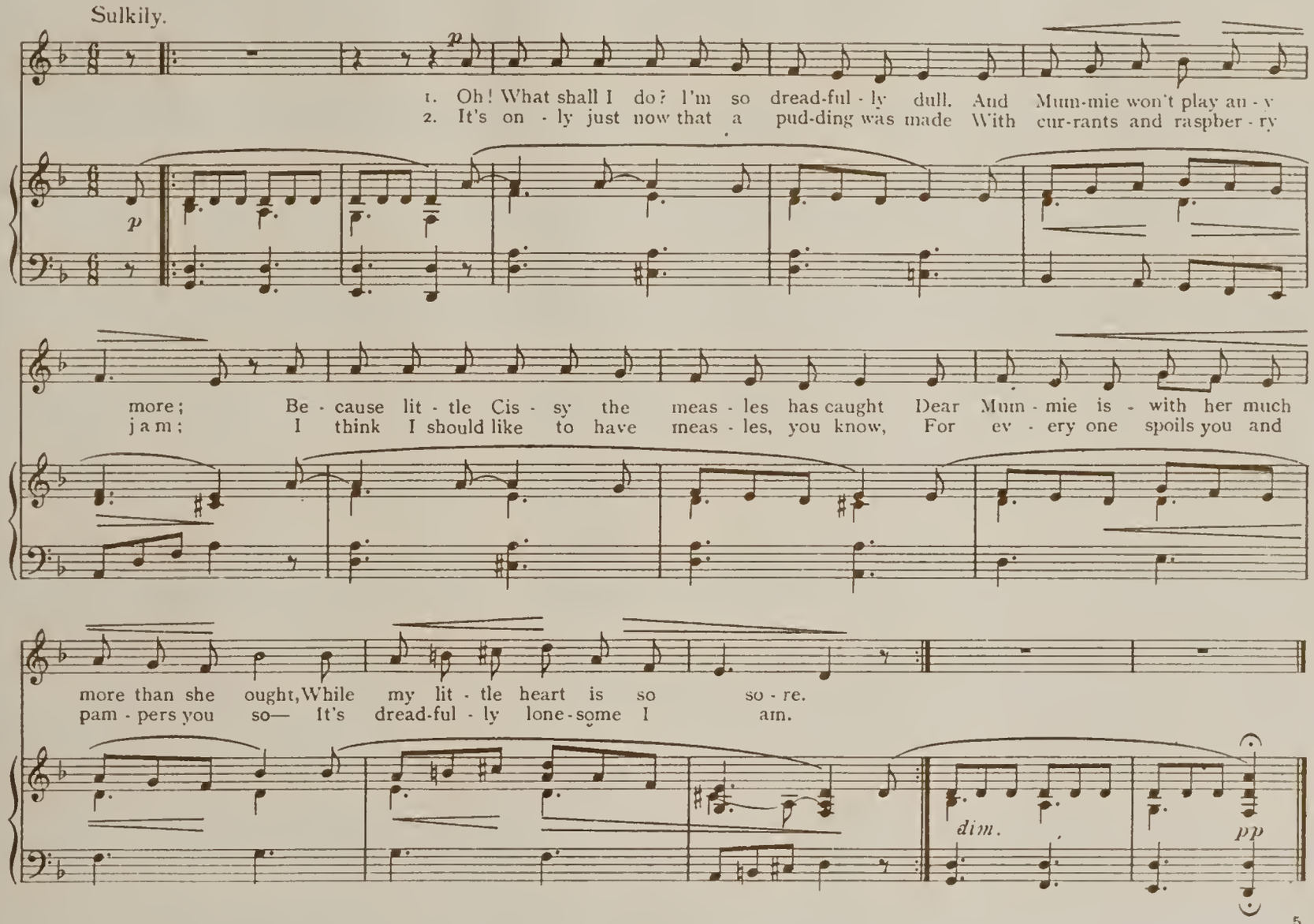
CHATTERBOXES.


Dreamy Waltz Time.
p
1. Two
pp
lit - tle maid - ens on a wall, In sun - ny sum - mer weather, Sit
Ma - ry's par - ty long they speak, And whom she'd like to ask, And
lit - tle maid - ens on a wall, In sun - ny sum mer weather, Sit
p
1.2.
3.
af - ter les - son time is o'er, And laugh and talk to - geth - er.
how the hol - i - days will soon Cut short each wea - ry task.
wait - ing till the tea - bell rings. And laugh and talk to - geth - er.
2. Of
3. Two
pp
ppp

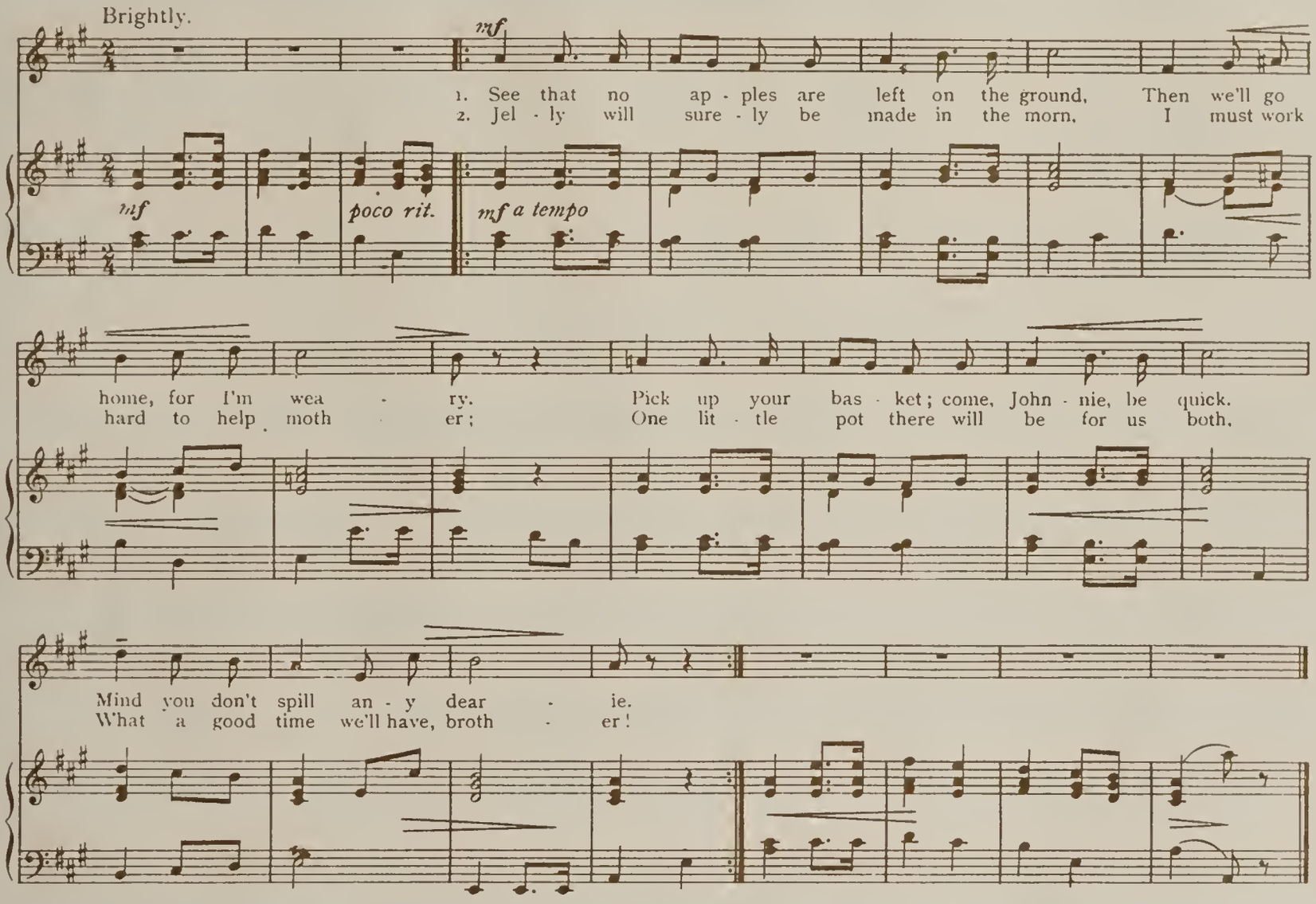
LIZZIE, LET US SLEDGING GO.


Gaily.
mp
1. Liz - zie! Let us sledg - ing go. Make our cheeks grow
2. I will be your hor - sie strong. I can run so
mp leggiero
ro - sy; Wear your warm - est gait - ers and Moth - er's muff so co - sy.
quick - ly. Then at noon some cakes we'll buy Spread with su - gar thick - ly.

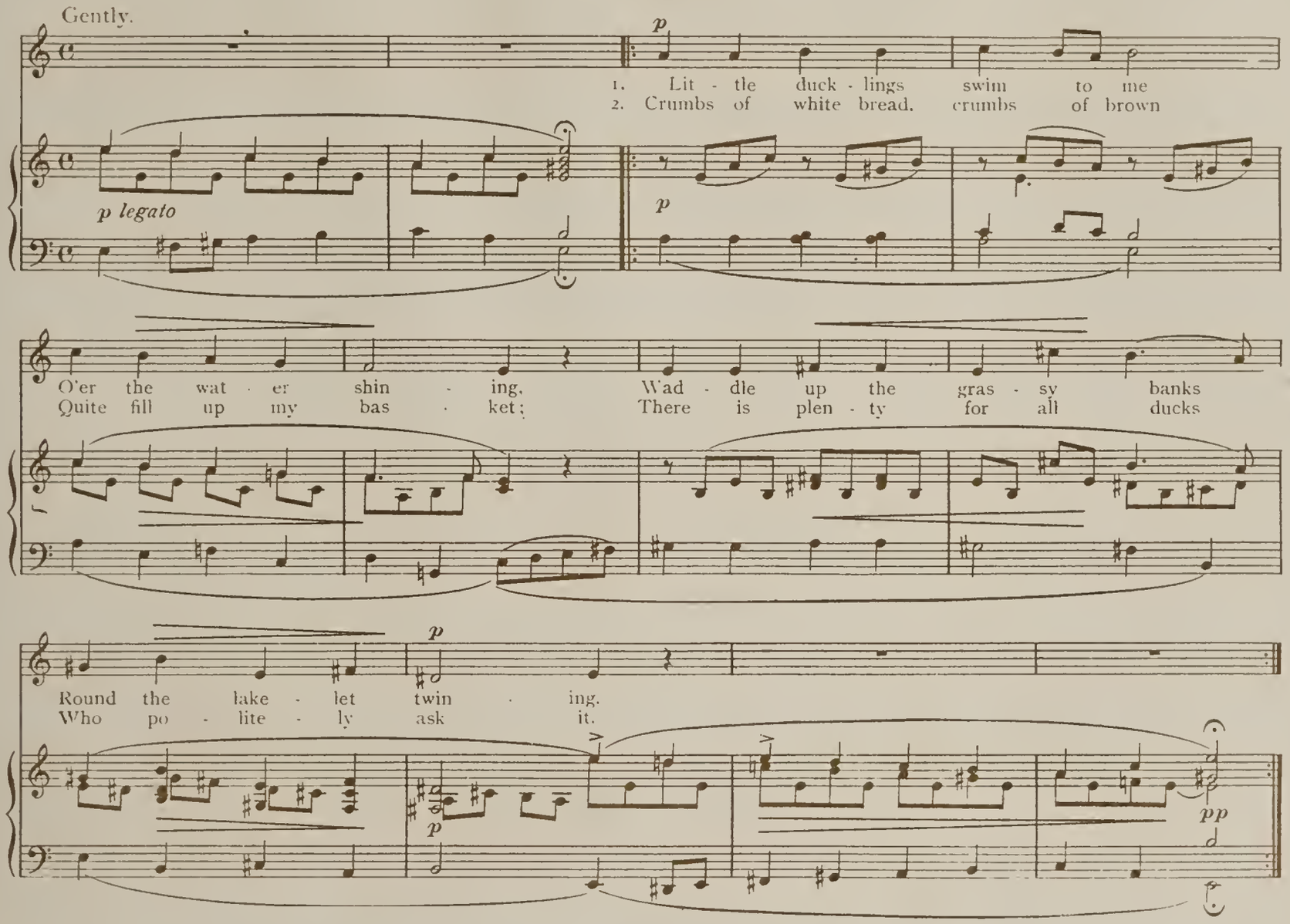
OH ! WHAT SHALL I DO ?

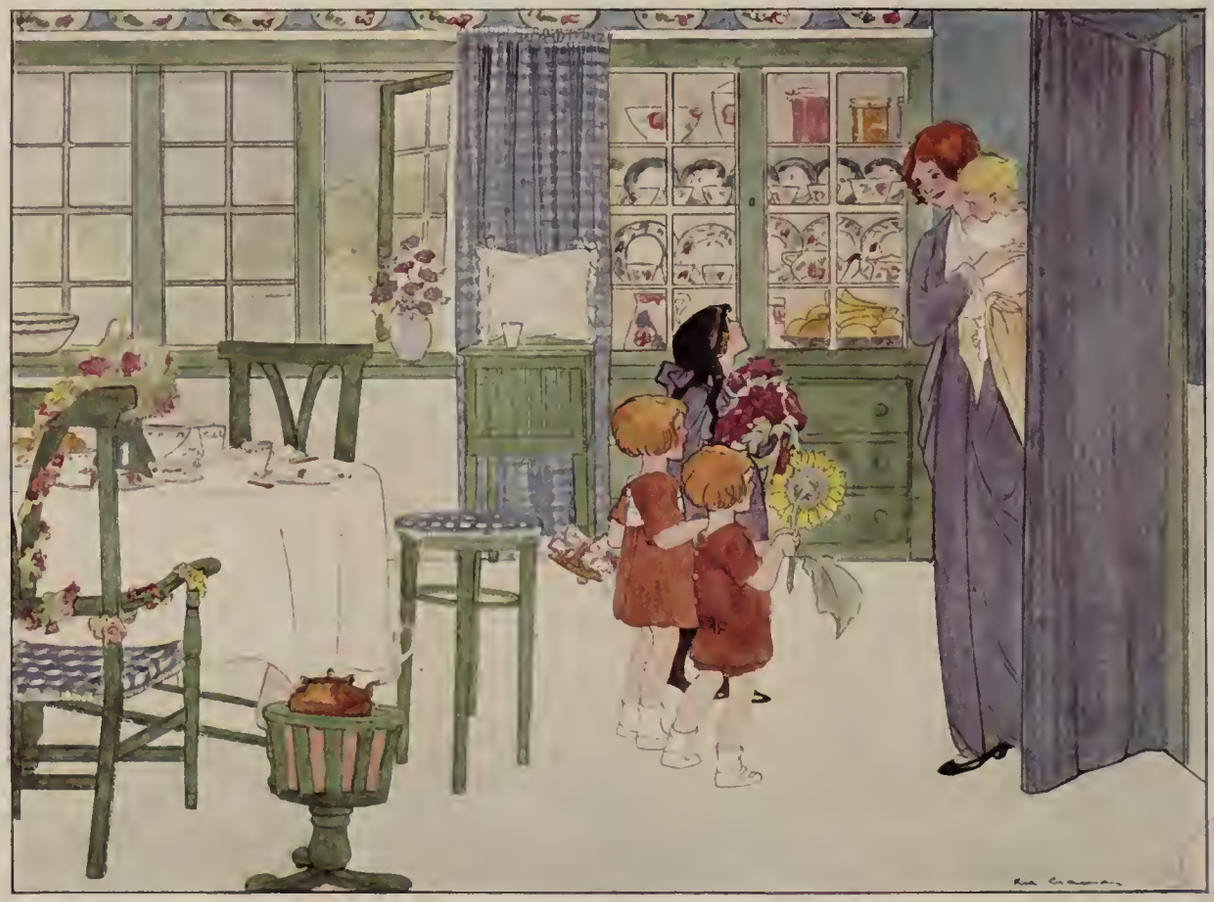

Sulkily.
p
1. Oh! What shall I do? I'm so dread-ful - ly dull. And Mum-mie won't play an - y
2. It's on - ly just now that a pud-ding was made With cur-rants and raspber - ry
p
more; Be - cause lit - tle Cis - sy the meas - les has caught Dear Mum - mie is - with her much
jam; I think I should like to have meas - les, you know, For ev - ery one spoils you and
more than she ought, While my lit - tle heart is so so - re.
pam - pers you so— It's dread-ful - ly lone - some I am.
dim.
pp

THE APPLE GATHERERS.

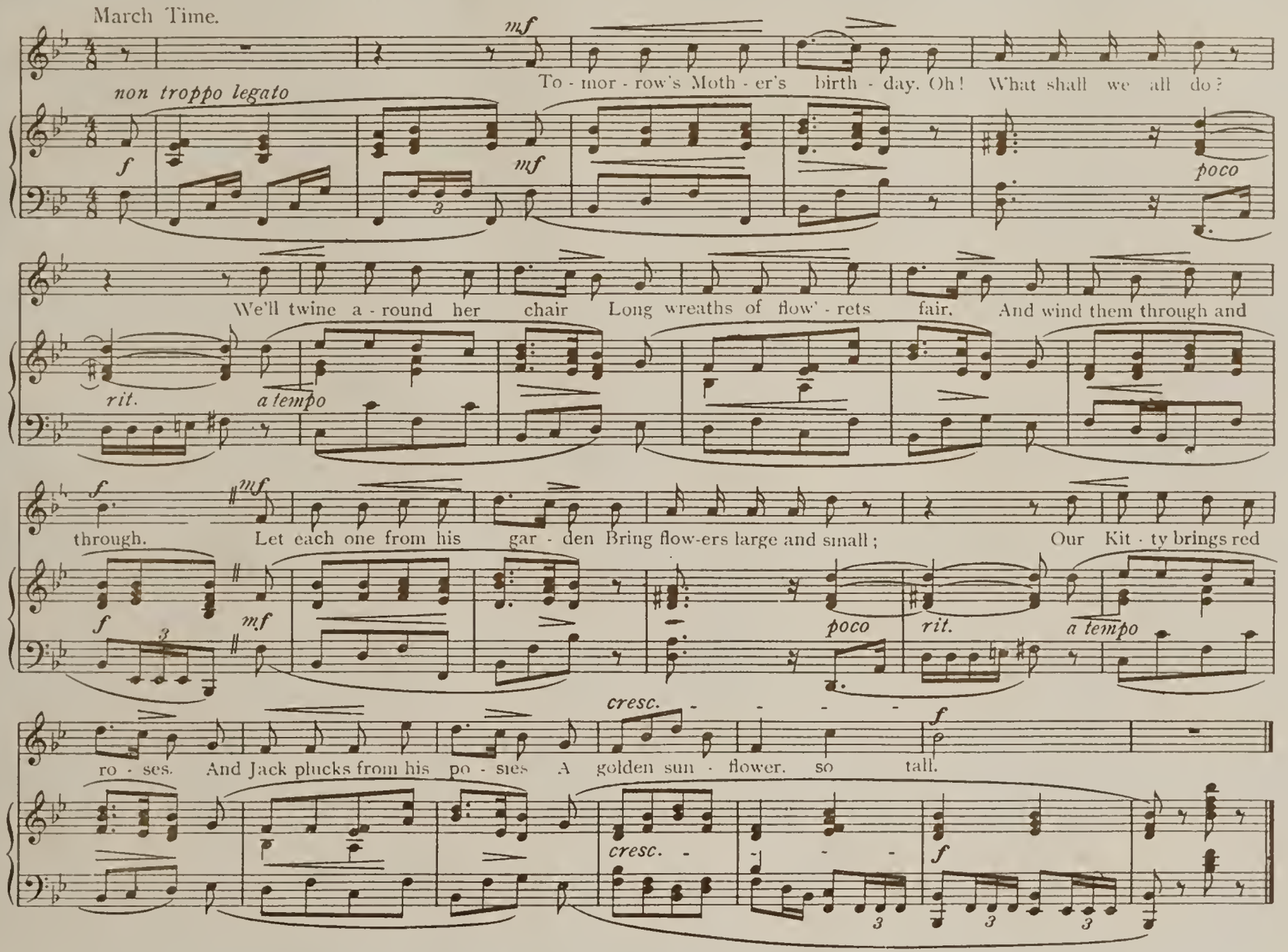

Brightly.
mf
1. See that no ap - ples are left on the ground, Then we'll go
2. Jel - ly will sure - ly be made in the morn, I must work
mf
poco rit.
mf a tempo
home, for I'm wea - ry. Pick up your bas - ket; come, John - nie, be quick.
hard to help moth - er; One lit - tle pot there will be for us both.
Mind you don't spill an - y dear - ie.
What a good time we'll have, broth - er!

DUCKLINGS.

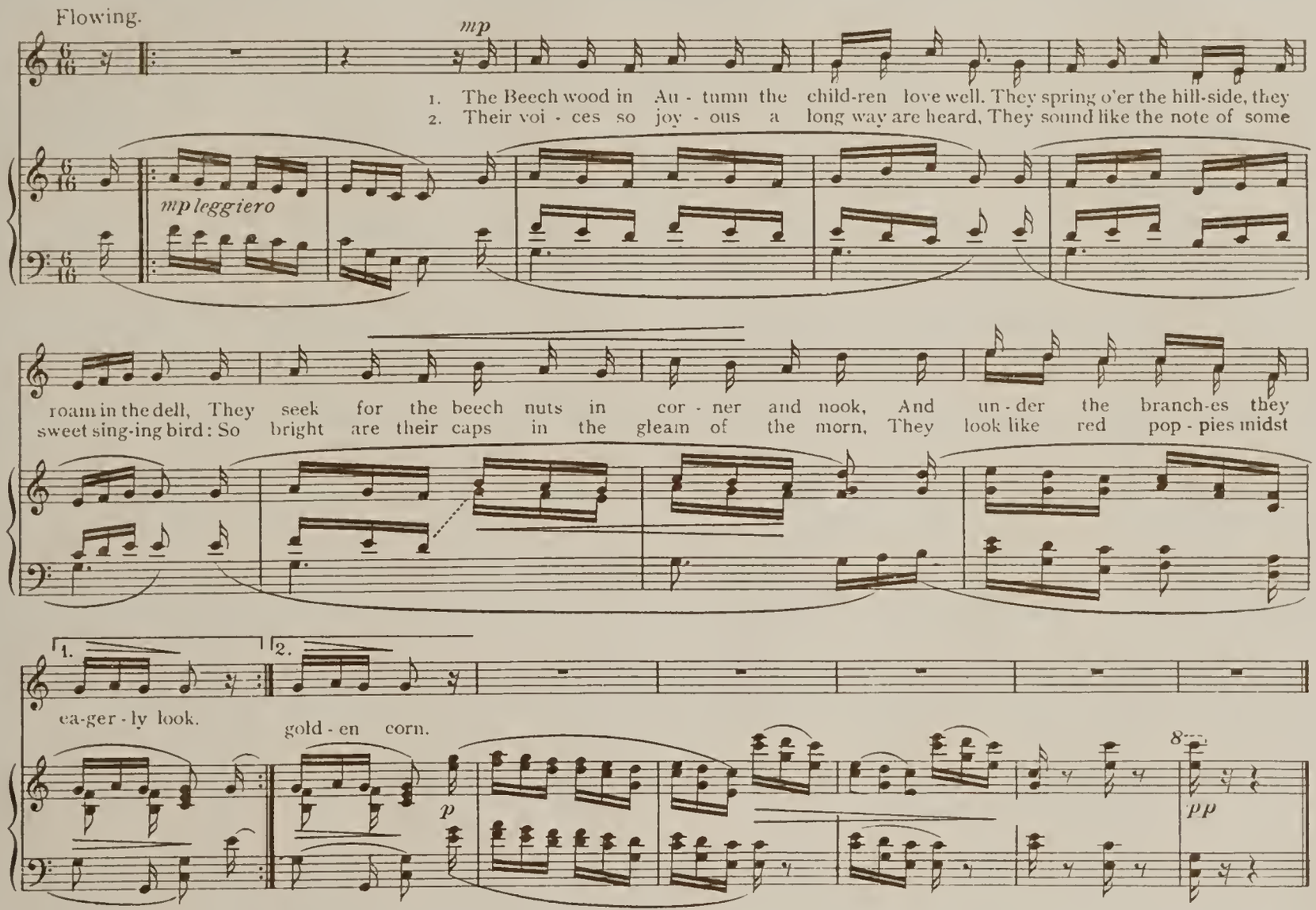

Gently.
p
1. Lit - tle duck - lings swim to me
2. Crumbs of white bread, crumbs of brown
p legato
p
O'er the wat - er shin - ing, Wad - dle up the gras - sy banks
Quite fill up my bas - ket; There is plen - ty for all ducks
p
Round the lake - let twin - ing.
Who po - lite - ly ask it.
p
pp



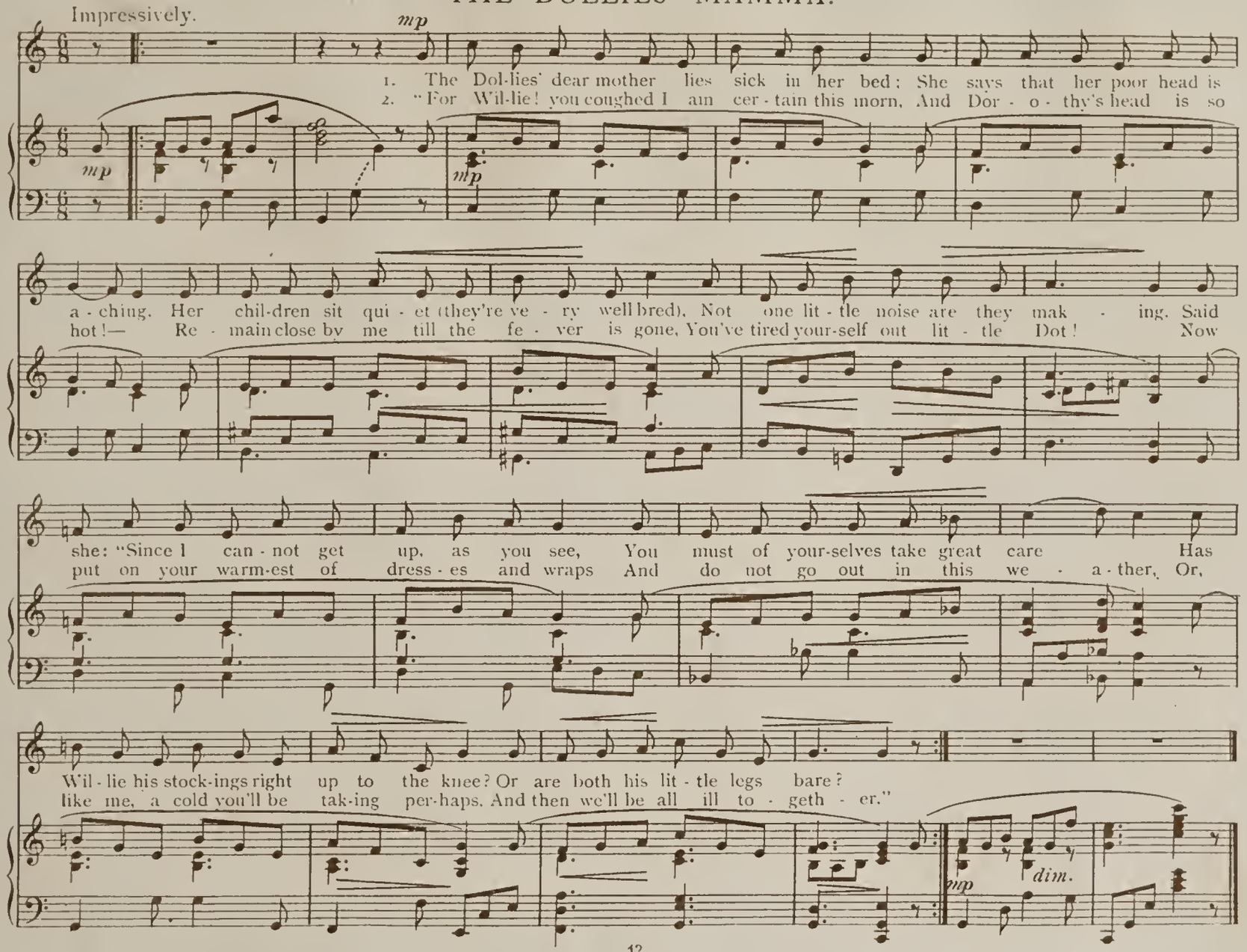
MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.


March Time.
mf
To - mor - row's Moth - er's birth - day. Oh! What shall we all do?
non troppo legato
f
mf
poco
We'll twine a - round her chair Long wreaths of flow' - rets fair. And wind them through and
rit.
a tempo
f
mf
through. Let each one from his gar - den Bring flow-ers large and small; Our Kit - ty brings red
f
mf
poco
rit.
a tempo
cresc.
f
ro - ses. And Jack plucks from his po - sies A golden sun - flower, so tall.
cresc.
f

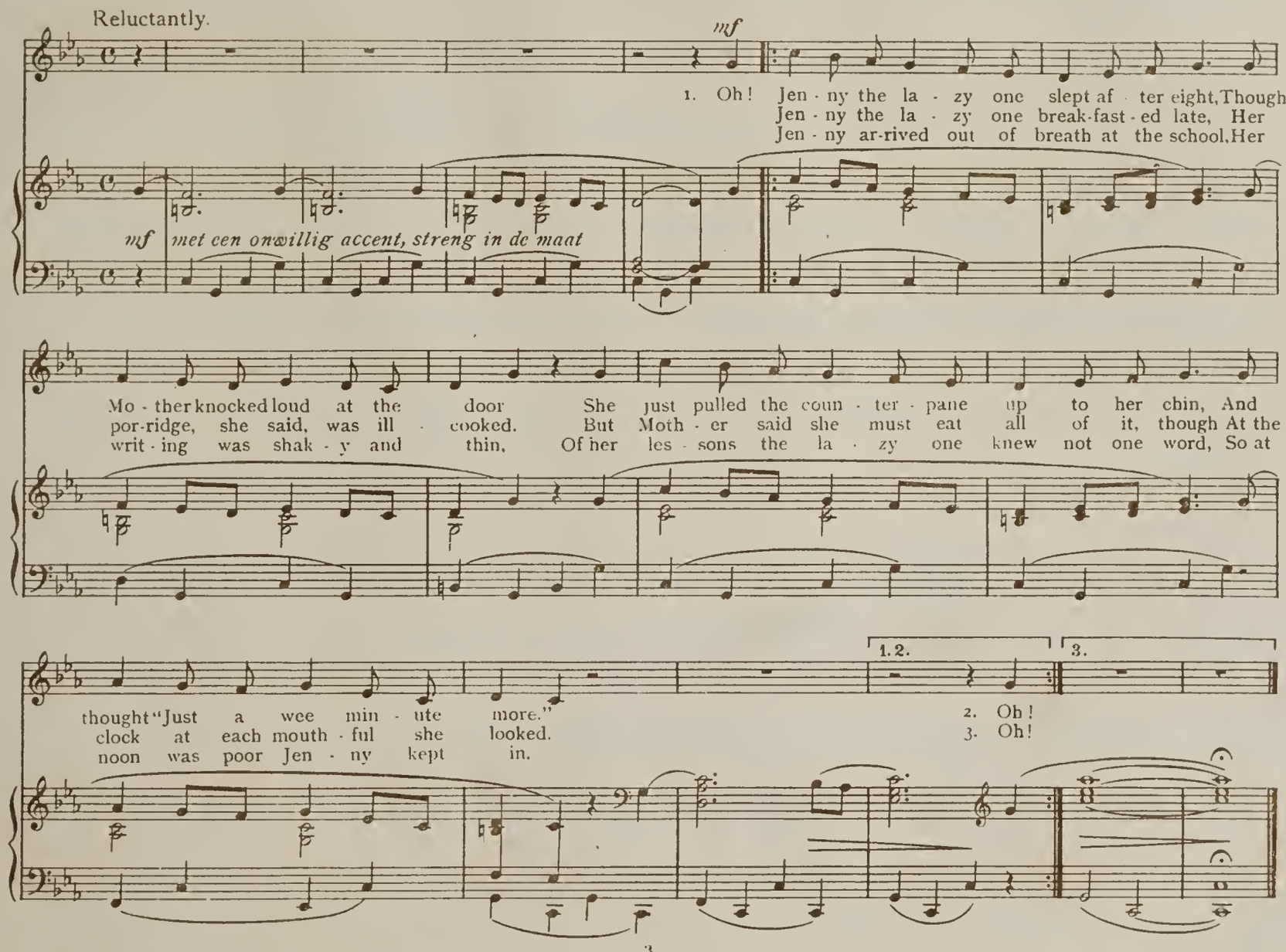
BEECH NUTS.


Flowing.
mp
1. The Beech wood in Au - tumn the child-ren love well. They spring o'er the hill-side, they
2. Their voi - ces so joy - ous a long way are heard, They sound like the note of some
mp leggiero
roam in the dell, They seek for the beech nuts in cor - ner and nook, And un - der the branch-es they
sweet sing-ing bird: So bright are their caps in the gleam of the morn, They look like red pop - pies midst
1.
2.
ea-ger - ly look.
gold - en corn.
p
8
pp

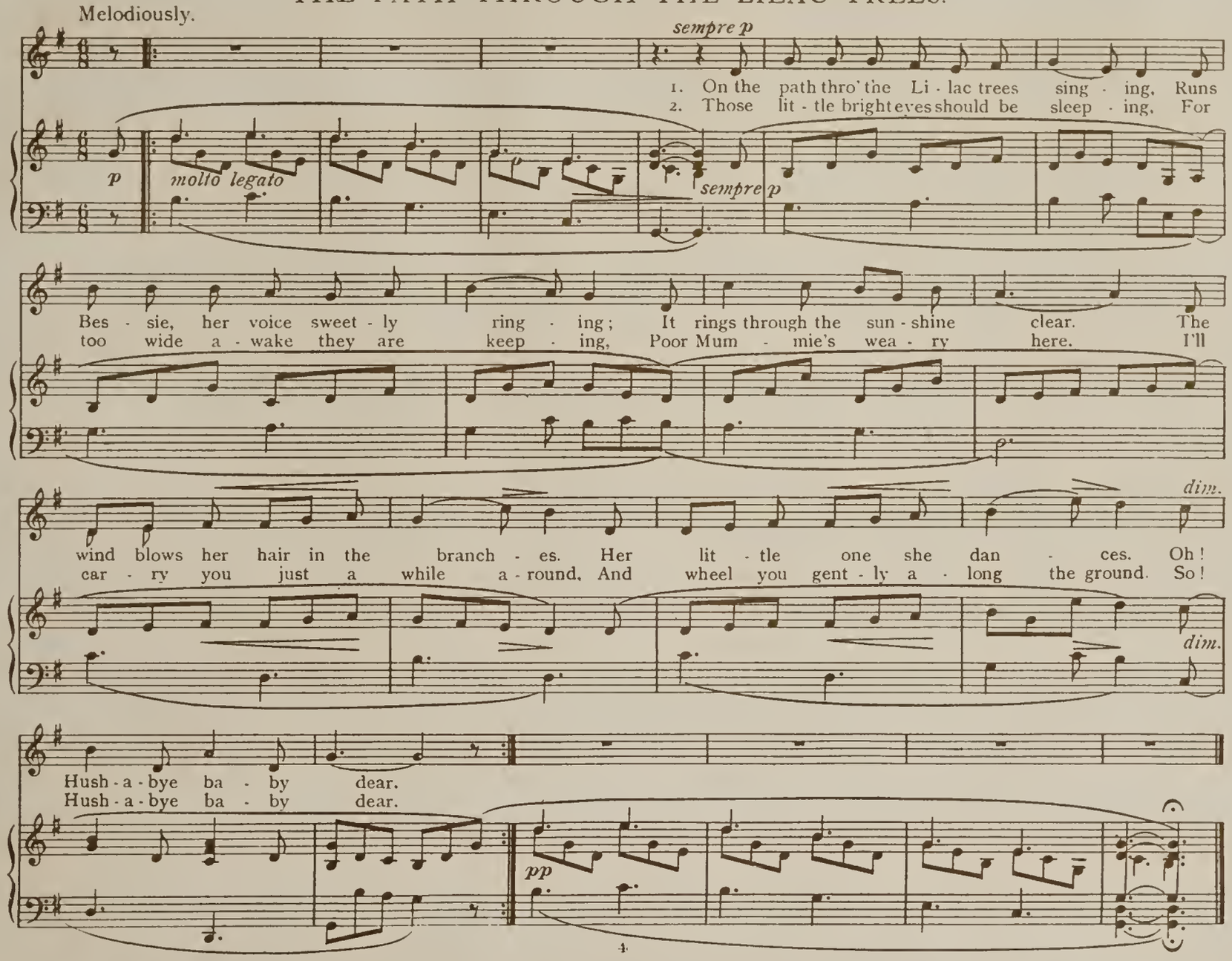
THE DOLLIES' MAMMA.

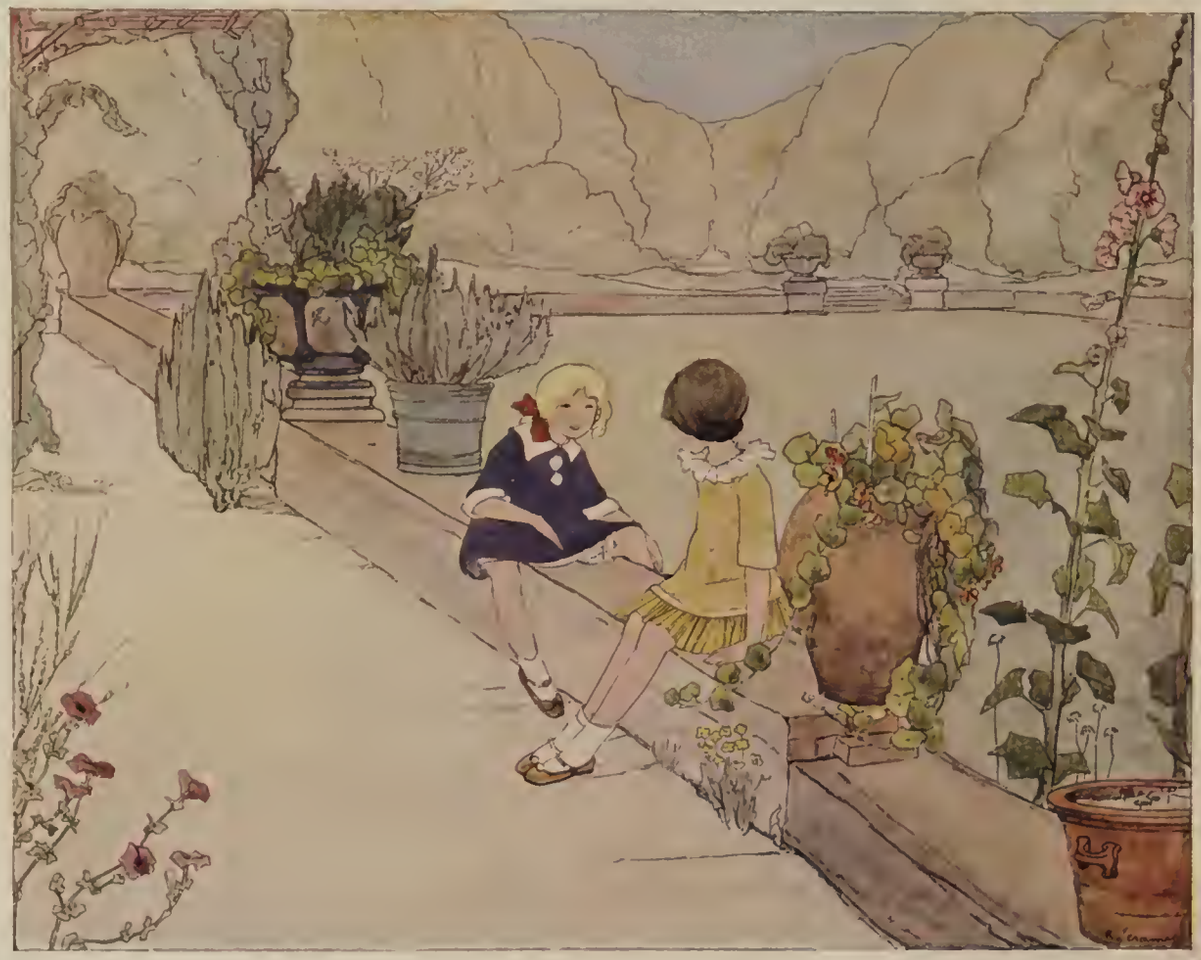

Impressively.
mp
1. The Dol-lies' dear mother lies sick in her bed; She says that her poor head is
2. "For Wil-lie! you coughed I am cer-tain this morn, And Dor-o-thy's head is so
a-ching, Her chil-dren sit qui-et (they're ve-ry well bred), Not one lit-tle noise are they mak-ing. Said
hot!— Re-main close by me till the fe-ver is gone, You've tired your-self out lit-tle Dot! Now
she: "Since I can-not get up, as you see, You must of your-selves take great care Has
put on your warm-est of dress-es and wraps And do not go out in this we-a-ther, Or,
Wil-lie his stock-ings right up to the knee? Or are both his lit-tle legs bare?
like me, a cold you'll be tak-ing per-haps. And then we'll be all ill to-geth-er."
dim.

LAZY BONES.


Reluctantly.
mf
1. Oh! Jen - ny the la - zy one slept af - ter eight, Though
Jen - ny the la - zy one break-fast - ed late, Her
Jen - ny ar-rived out of breath at the school, Her
mf met een onwillig accent, streng in de maat
Mo - ther knocked loud at the door She just pulled the coun - ter - pane up to her chin, And
por-ridge, she said, was ill - cooked. But Moth - er said she must eat all of it, though At the
writ - ing was shak - y and thin, Of her les - sons the la - zy one knew not one word, So at
1. 2.
3.
thought "Just a wee min - ute more."
clock at each mouth - ful she looked.
noon was poor Jen - ny kept in.
2. Oh!
3. Oh!

THE PATH THROUGH THE LILAC TREES.


Melodiously.
sempre p
1. On the path thro' the Li - lac trees sing - ing, Runs
2. Those lit - tle bright eyes should be sleep - ing, For
p
molto legato
sempre p
Bes - sie, her voice sweet - ly ring - ing; It rings through the sun - shine clear. The
too wide a - wake they are keep - ing, Poor Mum - mie's wea - ry here. I'll
dim.
wind blows her hair in the branch - es. Her lit - tle one she dan - ces. Oh!
car - ry you just a while a - round, And wheel you gent - ly a - long the ground. So!
dim.
Hush - a - bye ba - by dear.
Hush - a - bye ba - by dear.
pp



MAY 0